

# ECHOES FROM THE FRONTIER

---

ADDISON M. POWELL

PS

3531

093E4

1909





Class PS3531

Book .093E4

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> 1909

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.





ECHOES FROM THE FRONTIER







THE TOWN OF OLD VALDEZ



# ECHOES FROM THE FRONTIER

VERSES BY  
ADDISON M. POWELL

NEW YORK  
A. WESSELS  
1909

COPYRIGHT, 1909

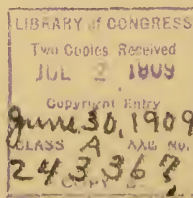
BY A. WESSELS

---

June

PS 3531  
.O93 E4  
1909

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.



U. N. 6-30-30,

DEDICATED  
TO  
THOSE WHO HARKEN TO THE  
"WILD'S CALLING"



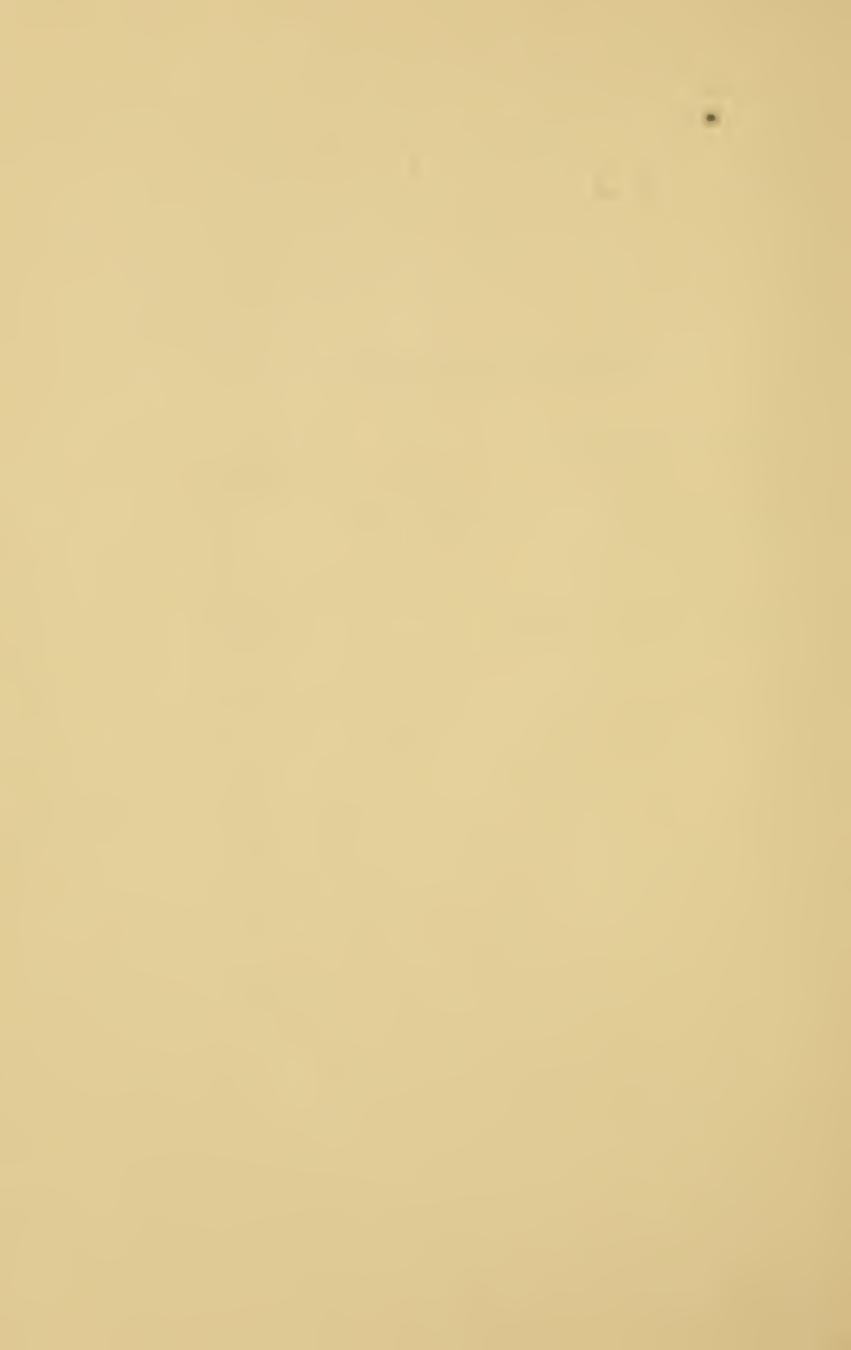
## CONTENTS

	PAGE
AN ALASKA RIVER . . . . .	I
BILL GELL'NEAU'S BEAR STORY . . . . .	3
WHEN MY MIND GOES ROVIN' BACK . . . . .	7
THE SHEEP HUNTER . . . . .	10
GOOD-NATURED JOE . . . . .	12
THE WILD'S CALLING . . . . .	15
A LETTER TO MY PARD . . . . .	18
ALASKA'S MOUNTAINS . . . . .	21
THE MULE TRAIN PACKER . . . . .	23
THE TOWN OF OLD VALDEZ . . . . .	25
WHEN ELECTRIC SPARKS ARE IN THE AIR . . . . .	27
THE MUSER'S GOODNIGHT . . . . .	29
THE LOST VALLEY . . . . .	30
JIM BLAIR . . . . .	32
THE ALASKAN BYDARKA . . . . .	36
A NORTHERN COLLOQUY . . . . .	37
THE WHITE SILENCE . . . . .	39
THE LAST HUNT OF THE OLD PARTNERS . . . . .	41
THE DEMAND OF THE NORTHERN WHITE LAND . . . . .	46

	PAGE
AN OLD PIONEER . . . . .	48
TO MY OLD TRAIL HORSE . . . . .	51
A SOFTER PLACE . . . . .	54
THE CALIFORNIA HILLS . . . . .	56
INCOMPATIBILITY . . . . .	58
DOWN BY THE OLD SPRING . . . . .	59

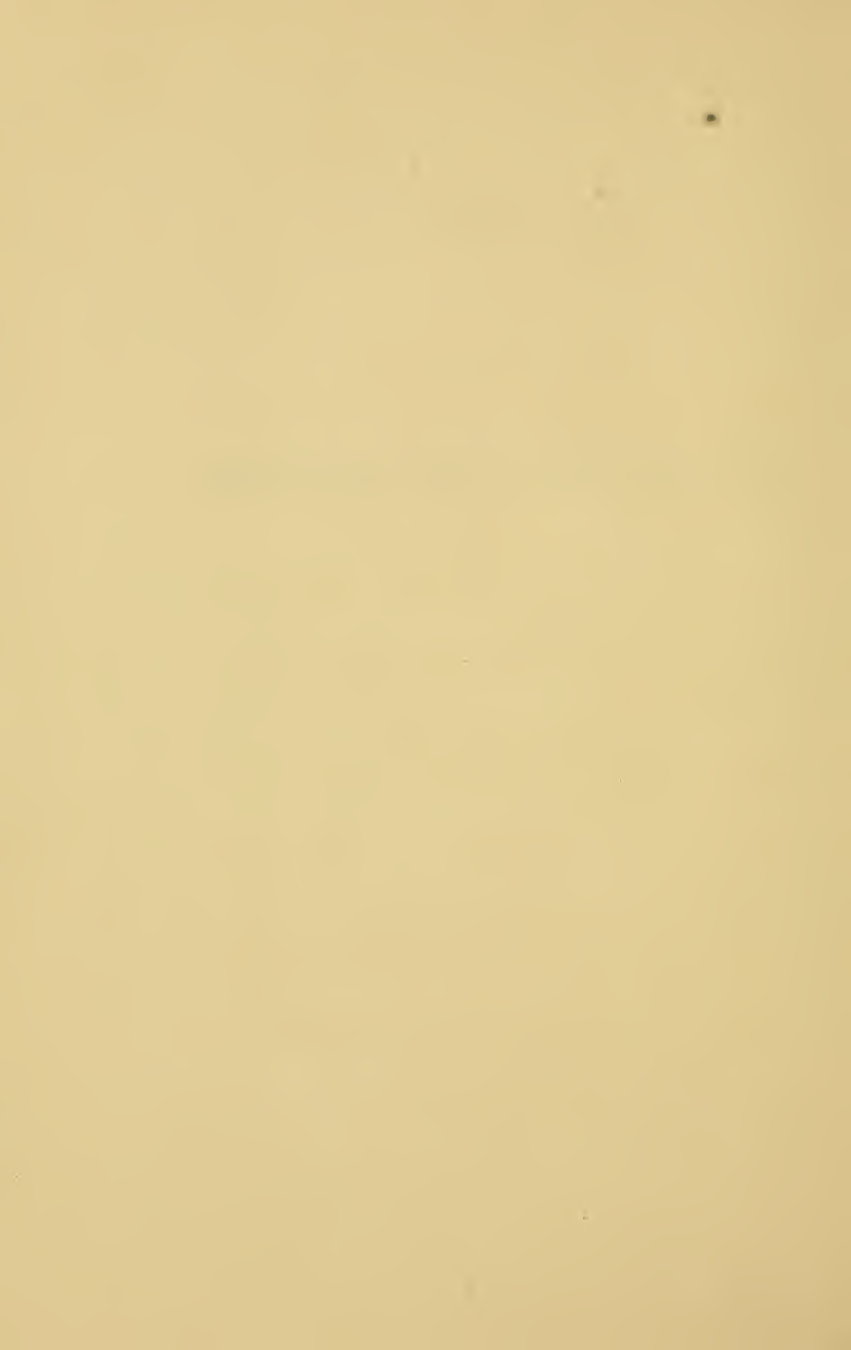
## ILLUSTRATIONS

The Town of Old Valdez . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	TO FACE PAGE
Prospector's Cabin, Knight Island, Alaska . .	8
The Alaskan Bydarka . . . . .	36
United States Mail Station . . . . .	52





ECHOES FROM THE FRONTIER



## AN ALASKA RIVER

THERE, where the mountain fangs snarl at the  
blood-red moon;

Where precipice o'erhangs, to echo floods of  
June;

You roar and pour.

Through canyons dark and deep you plunge with  
maddened pranks;

To vales that rest asleep, where spruce-trees line  
your banks;

You swirl and curl.

Ringing there your murmur — a chant to red  
men's tread;

Singing songs of Summer, to living, of the  
dead;

You moan and groan.

Calling, you wind your ways, towards the North-  
ern sea;

Falling, through Summer days, with laughter that  
is free;

Then sigh and cry.

Weep — where glaciers grumble, 'neath sundogs'  
bitter glare;

Sweep, and madly tumble, by mountains bleak and  
bare;

And chime in rhyme.

Oh, leave the land of gold, and seek the dark blue  
sea!

Go to your home of old — back to eternity —  
God's will fulfill!

## BILL GELL'NEAU'S BEAR STORY

I, BILL GELL'NEAU, think that I saw the largest  
bear beneath the sun

As did Joe Bell; but he 'll not tell how he and I  
made that bear run.

I said to Bell, "I want to yell to you to cock and  
shoot your gun!

If he 's coming, I am running!" and 't was but  
said when all was done.

As that bear fell, he let a yell, and Lord of  
bears! how I did scoot!

How we did run! Joe cocked his gun, and I  
yelled, "Joe, you 'd better shoot!"

Joe shot once more, it made him roar, and then we  
split the wind in two,

A stream I felt up to my belt, but then I bravely  
waded thru.

Joe had a gun and I had none, and on the bear  
came with a rush.

While Joe was mute, I thot I 'd root, as we ran  
thru the alder brush;

So when Joe fell, and threw a shell, I yelled again,  
"For God's sake, shoot!"

And shoot he did, and then we slid, but bet your  
life that bear was 'cute.

We thot at least we 'd shake the beast by dodg-  
ing him, but not a shake.

I do declare that bear was there, at every turn  
that we would take.

We were out-timed when trees we climbed — and  
Joe he stopped upon a limb;  
No limb had mine, but up I 'd climb, altho  
't was smooth and slick and slim.

I 'd climb and climb, then for a time I 'd rest —  
but then I 'd slide right down

Towards that bear I knew was there, waitin' for  
me to hit the ground.

Then up I 'd go and yell to Joe, "You 'fernal fool,  
why don't you shoot?"

And he would roar, "You climb some more; I  
like to see you climb and scoot!"

Up in that birch, safe on his perch, he laughed and  
laughed, and laughed some more,

While down I slipt, my clothes I ript, then  
climbed and slipt and climbed and swore.

How I did yell to old Joe Bell to shoot that bear  
right in the eye!

It was no fun; I was near done and felt most  
sure that I would die.

Then Joe said, "Bill, I must not kill more than two  
bears in one year's time —

So reads the law, and, Bill Gell'neau, I am a  
law-abidin' kind.

I've killed my two — it's up to you to keep on  
slidin' up and down,

For that old bear that's right down there, would  
like to meet you on the ground."

I slid too far and felt a jar, and knew that I was  
on the ground,

And looked behind, the bear to find, but not a  
bear was to be found.

That old gray bear had not been there, and Joe  
just knew it all the time;

He said 't was fun to see me run, but more to  
see me slide and climb.

He said he'd swear he'd killed the bear at least a  
half a-mile behind,

And if I'd go, to me he'd show, where it rolled  
down a steep incline.

Altho nigh spent, with him I went — because that  
joke began to rub.

There lay the bear ! 'Fore God I 'll swear ! And  
it was nothin' but a cub !



WHEN MY MIND GOES ROVIN' BACK

ALL is seemin' to be dreary, and my appetite is  
slack,

For nothin' tastes like it should taste to  
me;

And I 'm feelin' sad and weary, as my mind goes  
rovin' back

To life far North, where all we had was  
free.

My bed mattress is of feather, and I 've everything  
I need,

But now, I 'm feelin' like the very deuce,  
And I hanker for North weather, to enjoy a camp-  
fire feed,

And sleep again on feathers of the spruce.

I 'm a-wishin' to be wendin', to be ridin' all  
alone,

Where mallards fly above your head and  
quack;

Just a-trailin' without endin' over hummocks,  
moss and stone,

Where laughin' white birds call to me, "Come  
back!"

I 'm heart-achin' and repinin', and I would not  
mind the storms,

When trailin' tracks of the great caribou;  
'Cause the sunlight would be shinin' and a-  
glistenin' on his horns,  
And paintin' them a bright and golden hue.

I 've been dreamin', when a-sleepin', of a cabin  
midst the spruce,

A harbor near that 's very smooth and still —  
'Cept when salmon are a-leapin', or the honkin' of  
a goose

Echoes across the water to the hill.

I 'm a-thinkin', when I 'm walkin', of that little  
cabin shack,

A-standin' there upon that distant shore,  
And it 's to myself I 'm talkin', when my mind  
goes rovin' back;

'Cause this-here life is nothin' but a bore.

Roll my sleepin'-bag up tightly, put my saddles in  
a sack,

Box up my little camp-fit good and strong;  
And be sure you tag it rightly, for my mind is  
rovin' back

To Northland, where the July days are long;



PROSPECTOR'S CABIN, KNIGHT ISLAND, ALASKA



Where the clarion calls of Summer, from the water-  
falls of June,  
Resound through forests, with their laughing  
play;  
While I listen to the murmur of old Nature's lurin'  
tune,  
A-singin' to me its sweet roundelay.

With my muscles hard and achin' from a lengthy  
mountain hike,  
And appetite that it has brought about;  
I 'll be longin' for the bacon and the beans we used  
to like,  
A fryin'-pan of speckled mountain trout.  
When once more I'm feelin' lanky, and can drink  
my coffee black,  
And know that I am hungry, tired and lean;  
I will then not be so cranky, when my mind goes  
rovin' back,  
'Cause right there, I 'll be campin' on the green.

## THE SHEEP HUNTER

I AM sitting 'midst the crags of the mountains'  
highest steep,

And I hearken to a murmur far below;

While I 'm listening for the stags of the Rocky  
Mountain sheep

And the rattle of their hoof-beats, as they  
go.

The blood-red sun is sinking in a fringe of purple  
lace,

Just as many times I 've seen it sink be-  
fore;

It starts my mind to thinking of another time and  
place,

And to wishing I could live those days once more.

Now the peeping bright-eyed moon, 'cross the  
eastern saw-toothed fangs

Is gold-streaking down through deep and death-  
like vales;

I 'll be sleeping very soon, where a jagged shelter  
hangs,

And be dreaming while the wolves howl out  
their wails;

I'll be dreaming of a life that from this is far  
away,  
Of a living I might follow, if I would;  
Of an office — legal strife — mental friction every  
day;  
But next morning, I'd not change it, if I could.

When morning birds are singing, I'll be picking  
out my sheep,  
And I'll take him down the mountains, miles  
away,  
And there he will be swinging, 'neath the sturdy  
hemlock's sweep,  
That spreads shadow on my cabin all the day.  
You may worry all your while, you may wrestle  
with finance,  
And be slaving all a life that is not free;  
You may dress in faultless style, and attend the  
social dance,  
But my mountain life is good enough for me.

## GOOD-NATURED JOE

THAT he could not say "no," was the worst fault  
of Joe,

Therefore all — high and low — would impose on  
him so,

It was a shame.

While waiting for the car, that would take us to  
town,

Said his aunt, Susan Barr, walking up with a frown,  
Calling his name:

"My good Joe, won't you take this little Maltese  
cat

To my friend, dear Miss Lake, who now lives near  
your flat

In yonder town?"

And Joe could not say "Scat!" — pull a gun and  
cock it,

Till she 'd wrapped the cat in his coat-tail pocket,  
And pushed it down.

Joe did not make a fuss; he said, "Good-bye,  
Aunt Barr!"

Though he wanted to cuss, as he entered the car,  
But 't would not do.



He sat down on its tail, then went up in the  
air,

As the cat let a wail, and poor Joe let a swear,  
How it did mew!

When again he sat down, his catship was held  
tight,

Though Joe looked with a frown when that thing  
tried to fight,

And bite and turn.

Some girls there just giggled, and I thought Joe  
would die,

Each time the cat wiggled, the poor fellow would  
sigh,

His face would burn.

Joe was red as a rose when the cat 'most got  
loose,

And sweat dripped from his nose when he said,  
"I'm a goose!

If I don't feel

Like going to the front, and just let it jump out,  
And while doing that stunt, see that it lights about  
Under the wheel!"

Like a July rocket, he then dived for the door,  
At sight of his pocket we all laughed a loud roar —  
The thing was done!

He had closed the door tight, it had caught the  
cat's tail,  
So there was a great fight, and 't was Joe's turn  
to wail;  
It was no fun.

Joe looked back with a frown, wild eyes 'most  
from socket,  
He could not turn around — the cat had the pocket  
Nearest the hip.  
The Maltese growled and clawed, and Joe almost  
went blind,  
While it scratched and it gnawed at his body  
behind,  
And yawled and bit.  
Some one opened the door and the cat got away,  
Just as Joe almost swore — I *think* I heard him  
say:  
“God bless that cat!”  
On poor Joe they impose, but he now draws a line,  
And when back North he goes, he will take no  
feline;  
He swears to that.

## THE WILD'S CALLING

THE music of the trees, the humming of the bees,  
And rippling of the babbling brooks,  
Are singing all day long, old Nature's sweet love-song

That makes me think of shady nooks.  
When sleeping or awake, my heart feels that old ache,

For forests where caribou calls;  
And in my ear there rings, a constant note that sings  
Of melodies from waterfalls.

One mother's son 's the same, as any known to fame,

If proving he 's honest and true;  
So reads law of the wild, to every frontier child,  
And just wealth and station won't do.  
For the high mountain's dome, the soaring eagle's home,

I 'll pack up my "camp-fit " and go;  
And from the highest steep, where the great big-horn leaps,

I 'll look on the valleys below.

I would much rather hark to the songs of the  
dark,  
And howling of wolves — far away —  
Than mixing with your shows, where everybody  
knows  
That you 're false, when you smile and say:  
“I'm happy that we meet, with pleasure let me  
greet —  
And I hope you 'll stay for a while!”  
I will move right along, before my dimes are gone,  
And remember your dollar smile.

The robin with red breast flits in and out the nest  
'Cause he is just ready to fly  
To a land that he knows is made green by the  
snows  
Now melting 'neath a clear blue sky.  
The feeling is the same, now stealing through my  
frame,  
And I know you will think it strange,  
When saying that I long to hear the night-bird's  
song,  
And see the moon peep o'er the range.

I beg you do not grieve 'cause I intend to leave  
To travel the old trail alone;

My heart-strings urge along, my blood is surging  
strong,

It must be bred deep in the bone —  
To wander out my days from civilizing ways,  
And go where never man has trod;  
Where only birds sing songs, and there 's no cruel  
wrongs,  
And naught is to be found büt God!

## A LETTER TO MY PARD

I 'M not on the write, but, pard, as you 're white,  
I pen a few things that down here are rife,  
Of times that are tough with me — who is rough,  
But tryin' to live a civilized life.  
You can't understand this civilized land,  
Unless you are here to taste of the cake;  
You 've been long away, but down here, to-day,  
The strange sights, I 'm sure, would keep you  
awake.

The phonograph — that made 'em all laugh,  
The old organ, too — 't was never in tune —  
Just doubled the joys of the Yukon boys,  
When loungin' about in the old saloon;  
But here, that 's all passed, for times are so fast  
That mushers like us can never keep up;  
They go such a pace, I 'm late in the race,  
And follow behind like a huskie pup.

It just makes me reel when one on a wheel  
Goes by like a shot sent out of a gun;  
Breezin' a-wheezin', bumpin' a-thumpin',  
Such sprintin' old Nick could never out-run.

I have a feelin', when they 're mobilin'  
In tootin' wagons, not pulled by a hoss,  
That they are hooch-crazed, and their minds are  
dazed;  
That they 've no driver, and have lost their boss.

I picked up a thing — 't was tied to a string —  
Through it I talked, then — from miles away —  
A voice came on wire, past the floods and fire,  
And I heard every word the guy had to say.  
An ee-lectric car rolled by with a jar —  
And I could not see what made the thing go;  
Though I asked the wise, who had brains and  
eyes,  
But they shook their heads, and they did not  
know.

I 've seen words of fire fly out from a spire,  
In messages sent, and caught, leagues away,  
Across sea and land, over desert's sand —  
Words now are like birds, and fly night and day.  
And men are the same — they 're right in the  
game —  
And they now fly high, like birds on the wing.  
It would make you swear; — and I do declare  
That I will be back right early next Spring.

With 'em I 've battled, until I 'm rattled,  
A-tryin' to hold on to my life-lease —  
It keeps me jumpin', dodgin' from bumpin'  
Machines and the cars, that give me no peace.  
So, I 'm comin' back to our cabin shack —  
For civilized ways I do not aspire;  
I 'll never feel right, 'till sittin' at night,  
A-smokin' my pipe — by our chimney fire.



## ALASKA'S MOUNTAINS

O, MOUNTAINS grand, of Northern land !  
Imperial, beauteous, cold and fair —  
Your look sublime discredits time,  
Yet proves your age, with silvery hair !  
'Neath smiling stars, or angry Mars,  
You 've firmly stood, while ages ran ;  
Dreaming alone of wealth you own,  
Those dearly-bought rewards for man.

Alaska's pride, and Northland's bride  
That wears Aurora's veil of gauze ;  
'Midst scathing pyres of crater fires,  
You stand to prove the First Great Cause.  
Through mystic flights of Northern Lights  
You rear your never-changing crest,  
Defying law, inspiring awe,  
Receiving homage, North and West.

Patient and wise, with weary eyes,  
You 've guarded well, since days of old,  
Your jewels rare, deep hidden there,  
Your emeralds and your shining gold.

You 've waited long the miners' song,  
From men of might, who 'd dare invade  
Your hidden "faults," your treasure vaults,  
And wrest the prize with pick and spade.

The cloud you love hangs not above,  
But softly lies upon your breast;  
While Summer's scene, with wreaths of green,  
Enchantingly your feet has dressed.  
Symbols and sign, by art Divine,  
Towering above your green defiles,  
Your spires stand, like Titans grand,  
To guard through storms, or sunshine's smiles.

Perfect you rise, to mortal eyes,  
Lifted by gods from far below !  
Mysterious mounts, no history counts,  
White-capped with sheets of lasting snow !  
Down through your seams hide golden gleams,  
For men to seek like abject slaves;  
Though near your steep lie those who sleep  
The sleep of death in paupers' graves.

## THE MULE TRAIN PACKER

THERE was a jolly packer, who always chewed  
tobacker

When singin' out his lonely wail:

"I 'd rather be a-prancin', in town where girls are  
dancin',

Than packin' on the Valdez trail."

He took a crazy notion, and sailed upon the ocean,

His stomach took a sudden slip;

And then the jolly packer swore he would n't chew  
tobacker,

While ridin' that buckin' old ship.

To ship's mast he was swingin', while swayin' and  
a-singin':

If they would only let him sail,

He 'd just let her buck and pitch, till he threw the  
diamond hitch,

Then he 'd start for the Valdez trail.

"As sure as I 'm a Jonah, my mental telephona

Hears 'em sayin' we 'll now go down!

That suits me," said the packer, "and I 'll give  
my tobacker,

If she 'll only lay still on ground."

The po-lice of Seattle would never let him prattle  
His ditty with the lonely wail;  
He offered them a dollar, if they 'd just let him  
holler  
That he 'd packed on the Valdez trail.  
So with another notion, he sailed back on the ocean,  
To sing again his lonely wail:  
That he 's a jolly packer, who always chews  
tobacker,  
And he rides on the Valdez trail.

He says he is a sticker, who always wears a slicker,  
When rivers are flowing brim full,  
And he does n't mind the wettin', since that is  
what he 's gettin'  
"For havin' a Government pull."  
He 's still the jolly packer, and always chews  
tobacker,  
Though he comes out late in the Fall;  
But then he 's found a-prancin', round where the  
girls are dancin';  
And he 's danced at a Horseshoe ball.

## THE TOWN OF OLD VALDEZ

THERE 's a frontier town on Alaska's Sound  
Of the northern land-locked seas;  
Where the mountains, high, point towards the  
sky —

Their shadows to Old Valdez.  
There, of Winter nights, by the bright firelights,  
While the glacier winds rolled by,  
The boys told their tales of the wonder trails  
They had followed — God knows why.

They told with one breath, of life and of death, '   
Of dangers they had defied;  
Of the wolf-dog's wail heard beside the trail;  
And of comrades who had died;  
On both Tan-a-na and the Chit-i-na  
And on the old Bremner's bank,  
In the snowslide's wake and where glaciers break  
Were the graves of those who sank.

Since the times of old, both the strong and bold  
Have searched for the world's great ways;  
That the weaker kind, who have jogged behind,  
Might follow on other days.

'T was such men as these, went from Old Valdez  
To battle in Nature's fights;  
And from peak to peak they have scaled to seek  
Their ways by the Northern Lights.

When the sun's bright rays, on the Summer days,  
Streak the lowland's shady dells,  
And the mountain streams add their silv'ry gleams  
And we hear the pack-train bells;  
It is then we dream of the days we 've seen,  
Of men who have lived and died,  
And the things they 've done in the mid-night sun,  
When the boldest hearts were tried.

Those peaks in the sky, where the white birds fly,  
That pierce to the realm of blue,  
Have often looked down on our Valdez town, .  
And men that were tried and true.  
When the time rolls round, it will then be found  
That Uncle Sam holds the keys  
To his vaults inside, where the treasures hide  
And the door is Old Valdez.

WHEN ELECTRIC SPARKS ARE IN  
THE AIR

GEE! How the North wind sings to-night!

Electric sparks are in the air!

See! How they shake from Northern Light

And tingle the roots of your hair,

Imparting life.

O, what a night this night will be —

The miners are down from the camps,

Lo! 'T is a night of jubilee

And harvest sure for black-leg scamps

In gambling strife!

There! Did you hear that shot ring out?

Night's orgies now have just begun.

Flare, red-lights — this is your blow-out!

For fools imagine it is fun

To play with death.

Mark! One is gay, another fights,

And some stroll down the long "white  
way"!

Hark! Now they dance at Kid's and White's,

And there they 'll dance till break of day

With Winter's breath.

Streak, you Northlights, in blue and gold !  
Impart more zest to good inclined.  
Shriek, you Northwinds with bitter cold  
Till the huskies have howled and whined  
In vale and dell !  
Sigh? Yes, you may for those who feel  
Respect for law and all that 's right.  
Why? Because with their hands on steel  
They 'll try for order with their might  
This night of hell !



## THE MUSHER'S GOOD-NIGHT

IN my sleeping-bag I lie, looking at the starry sky,  
Dreaming of the worlds that circle far above;  
And I also wonder why I should roam until I die,  
Far away from all the friends I dearly love.

Through the silvery moonlight, the great mountain-  
peaks in white  
Overlook the valleys, keeping tryst with snow;  
And here all alone I roam, thinking of my friends  
at home,  
While the circling wolves howl out their dismal  
woe.

To the great God of the wild, of this wide land  
undefiled,  
And the God of laws that govern worlds above;  
Let me now admit his might, to enscroll the  
heavens with light,  
As I thank him for his gracious gift of love.

## THE LOST VALLEY

HUSH! We now step where no man ever trod,  
And amidst scenes free from all human taint;  
Break not a twig — 't is the garden of God,  
These pictures here are of heaven-tinted paint.  
This carpet, green, flower-woven and soft,  
Those mountain walls, that are piercing the  
cloud,  
Those spruce-tree boughs that are waving aloft,  
All are sacred — we should not speak aloud.

That picture there, hanging up on the wall,  
Reflects the light with its silv'ry sheen;  
Laughing it moves — 't is a live waterfall —  
Rare in its frame of the tenderest green.  
This pretty vale — now unpeopled, alone —  
With its bird-life, the great big-horns and bear,  
Like a lost gem, is to man still unknown;  
Its river runs — but God only knows where!

Fire not a gun — let us strike not a tree —  
But quietly leave this valley alone,  
Where songs are sung by the birds that are free;  
All are happy, amidst mountains of stone.

Harm not a thing in this heavenly spot,

Pick no flowers from this carpet we 've crossed;  
Our human hands here should leave not a  
blot —

This vale is God's — and to man has been lost !

## JIM BLAIR

DID I know Jim Blair? You bet — and I 'll swear  
That he was white, clean to the bone.  
He and I shared joys when we both were boys,  
But as men, we have gone on alone.  
A boy tryin' to swim, would have drowned, if  
Jim  
Had not pulled him out, by the hair;  
When danger was 'round, we most always found  
That our Jim was sure to be there.

Jim Blair was once gay; — he never was gray  
Until he had loved Susie True;  
Then he was n't the same, although he was game,  
But too poor to marry Miss Sue;  
And loving Miss True, he said 't would not do,  
To ask her to give up her life,  
Perhaps live in want, hear her family taunt,  
About being a poor man's wife.

He started to roam in search of a home,  
When a low scamp enticed his girl;  
It was not Jim Blair who would take her where  
She would live in a sinful whirl.

When Jim Blair came back, and took Gossip's  
track,

He told that man he 'd staked his life,  
And he 'd surely die, if he did not try  
To get a home for that girl-wife.

Then Jim was so sad — he could not seem  
glad —

And somehow, he was not the same;  
For he never smiled, but left for the wild,

And I think that he changed his name.

'T was years after this, a little fair Miss

Fell overboard a steamer's deck;

A man jumped to save — he breasted the wave

As he swam through the foam and fleck.

When he 'd saved that child, the passengers smiled,

A medal they promised to him;

I looked the man o'er — I 'd seen him before,

For bless you — the hero was Jim!

The same old Jim Blair, who was standing  
there,

Bedraggled, wet, weary of limb;

But when we struck shore, we saw him no  
more,

He would have no medals for Jim.

In the land of gold, and of bitter cold,  
A miner once came into town;  
He surely was rough, but did not look tough,  
And his face always wore a frown.  
With a knowing wink, he refused a drink,  
As he joined us in our hotel;  
And said he 'd not take a drink that would  
make  
His sad life a far greater hell.

Then the news came in, from the ball-room's  
din,  
That a "dance girl" had been knocked down  
By her lover base, who 'd brought her disgrace —  
Those two had just come to the town.  
We jammed through the crowd, and there, talking  
loud,  
Was the one who had done the deed,  
His hand on his gun, he dared any one  
To interfere — race, tribe or creed.

He then stopped to glare, through the lamp-light's  
flare,  
At one who gazed death-like as steel;  
No word did they say, but the crowd gave 'way,  
For those were looks that you could feel:

One man from the mine — who would not touch  
wine —

To make his life a greater hell;  
The other half-dazed, and nearly hooch-crazed;  
The girl lay near — right where she fell.

Two shots then rang out, one man turned about,  
With a bullet hole near his heart;  
The other fell dead, with one through his head;  
Then the girl's eyelids drew apart  
And with her death-stare, Sue saw poor Jim Blair.  
As he bent near, she called his name;  
They gave their last breath for one kiss in death,  
And we marked their two graves the same.

## THE ALASKAN BYDARKA

THE most wonderful boat, on the water afloat,  
Is not of the dreadnought type;  
But is made with raw skin, and is airtight within —  
It is a peculiar sight.  
With a sharp double nose, the queer bydarka goes,  
And sure, it beats all for looks,  
As it darts in and out, gliding smoothly about,  
Round capes, and into the nooks!

Dressed in their gut parkas, fast in their bydarkas,  
North natives, with skins of brown,  
Will face the storms' madness, with feelings of  
gladness,  
And laugh when steamers go down.  
'T is the nymph of the blue, but 't was not made  
for you,  
And if it you try to ride,  
You will certainly drown, with your head hanging  
down,  
While your feet are dry inside.





THE ALASKAN BYDARKA



## A NORTHERN COLLOQUY

How are the boys up at the mines, Ben?

Workin' and eatin', drawin' their pay and bummin'.

How is "Flap-jack Thompson"?

He went down hooch canyon.

What — gone to drinking hooch?

Yep, but he 's quit. He don't drink any more.

Good for him.

I don't know. You see, he never quit till it killed him.

Is he dead?

More than that. He 's buried.

How is "Wolf-hound Joe"?

He 's gone, too.

What! Is *he* dead?

Well, he 's married.

Who did he marry?

You know the Strelna Indian girl, that used to come around?

Yes.

Well, he did n't marry *her*.

Then, who *did* he marry?

Her mother.

Ha, ha, ha!

Yep; Minnie ha, ha, ha! (Without smiling.)

## THE WHITE SILENCE

WHEN the winds cease blowing, and the wolves do  
not bark

And the whole North-wild quits its serenade;

When large flakes stop sowing their white streaks  
through the dark,

And the bright moonlight shines down in the  
glade;

The North then is sleeping, 'neath its cover of white,

With e'en not a sigh, or a floating breath,

To follow from weeping for the dead of the night,

To the white silence — that is still as death.

The great North-light brightens the white world  
with its flash

Of moving stillness — that 's so weird and vast

That it almost frightens, with a great noiseless  
crash,

And you feel relieved when that light has passed.

The moon is gold-streaking among the high places,

And down through valleys that are deep and still;

No voice you hear speaking, yet strange-looking  
faces

Seem to go floating from the vale to hill.

You cannot hear breathing from any living things,  
Or a puff of wind, the falling of snow,  
And you feel like leaving — if you could fly with  
wings,

And make not a sound — a fairy you 'd go;  
There 's silent history, where the spruce shadows  
meet,

And it truly is a great wonder-book,  
Of scenes and mystery, on Nature's canvas-sheet;  
And you cannot leave, but linger and look.

You know 't is alluring — the spell will not  
depart —

You stand there gazing on that silent scene;  
You feel that 't is curing your narrow shrivelled  
heart

Of all the small things that are low and mean.  
With not a twig turning, all as quietly as doom,  
And the White Silence angel of the night,  
From her you are learning — though 't is still as  
a tomb —

That God is present, ruling with his might.

## THE LAST HUNT OF THE OLD PARTNERS

YOU 'VE waked me from my nappin', with your  
knockin' and your rappin',  
Your constant rap-tap-tappin' at my door;  
I'll bet it 's not a raven who 'd enter to my haven,  
But beggars seeking alms, or peddler bore.  
If you can't talk my lingo — I'll kick you out, by  
Jingo!  
You'll think it 's college yells, or base-ball  
hoots;  
It's you that I'll dismember — I'll bet that  
you'll remember  
The hard unyielding force that 's in my boots.

Come, with your din and rattle, we'll have a high  
old battle;  
Well, I declare, you look — just like Bill Jones!  
Are my old eyes deceivin' me into disbelievin'?  
The same old Grizzly Bill? God bless your  
bones!  
My mind has been a-pond'rin', a-thinkin', and  
a-wond'rin'  
If once again I 'd see your portly frame.

I hope that you are wealthy — what 's more, that  
you are healthy?

Yes; I am gray, and walk a little lame.

It seems to me but yesterday, when you, I and  
Esterley

Hunted that Summer where 't was then un-  
known;

That was a trip of pleasure, we lazed in camp at  
leisure,

With all the mountain sceneries our own.

While washin' a sheep liver, you, Bill, fell into  
the river,

Then swore to us that you had swum a  
mile;

And I never shall forget, how 't was Esterley said,  
"You bet

'T was worth that meat, for you to bathe  
awhile!"

There 's another time we know, when we fought  
death in the snow,

And all the land was wrapt in Winter's shroud;  
The great woollies then flew by, with a moan — a  
scream and cry —

Of bitter cold from fastly flyin' cloud.



My feet draggin', most like lead, then I paused, as  
 one half-dead,  
 And crawled into my sleepin' bag to die;  
 But you, Bill, just mushed away, until the breakin'  
 of the day,  
 To where you found some wood had drifted  
 high.

Although that storm was blindin', you built a fire  
 worth findin'  
 And stood right there until you felt all warm;  
 You then began unpackin' and came to me back-  
 trackin'  
 With heavy sleigh against the bitter storm.  
 I was speechless as I lay, when you 'd placed me  
 on that sleigh,  
 Between us not a single word was said;  
 It was Duty's voice a-callin', my bones that you  
 were haulin' —  
 Until you had me warm, you thought me  
 dead.

That sled you kept a-luggin', and you fell oft-  
 times, a-tuggin' —  
 You must have been chilled clear into the  
 bone;

You now speak of *it* lightly, and pass it by as slightly,

With — you had paid me back a long-time loan.  
Oh, yes, I do remember, the day of that September,

When I saved *you* from that bear on the hill;  
And t' other time from tumblin', where glacier ice  
was grumblin' ;

But none have stood by *me* like dear old Bill.

Oh, the days that we have numbered, and nights  
that we have slumbered,

In lonesome vales, or forest-depth that thrills;  
Where the water was a-splashin' with silver salmon's lashin',

And great bighorns looked startled from the hills.

The mockin'-birds' sweet singin', the blue grouse  
a-whirr-wingin',

The antelope, the deer, the old elk's bawl,  
The cataracts down-fallin', gave music to wild's callin'

To us, dear Bill; and we replied to all.

What is that I hear you sayin' — some news that  
you 're conveyin' —

'T is of a hidden vale none knows about?

Where bird-life is a-larkin' and squirrels are  
a-barkin'

And brooklets are alive with mountain trout?

I 'll just take down my saddle, for it 's my old  
horse I 'll straddle,

We 'll go, once more — although it breaks my  
bones!

I 'll follow where you 're leadin', for I know what  
I 'm a-needin'.

Thank God, for one more hunt with old Bill  
Jones!

## THE DEMAND OF THE NORTHERN WHITE LAND

HAVE you the blood that 's red to fight by North-  
ern Light?

Dare you that blood to shed? Have you the will  
and might?

Have you the panther's tread to walk 'midst sleep-  
ing dead?

A heart that will not tire when fighting fierce  
desire?

Then go with the wizard to the land of blizzard.

Have you the love to feel a thrill to do and  
dare —

With nerve that 's forged with steel for North-  
land's upper air?

Would you brave Winter's knife to save a com-  
rade's life,

Do for one in the cold what you 'd not do for gold?

Then go face the bitter for jewels and glitter.

And have you ever felt a falt'ring of your feet,  
A hollow 'neath your belt when there was naught  
to eat?

Do you think you could fast a whole week out,  
and last,  
And give your only crumb to a sick, dying chum?  
Then heed the North's needing; for you it is  
pleading.

From morning's early dawn to closing of the day  
It pleads not for your spawn, but to men it will pay  
From deep vaults of treasure its gold without  
measure;  
But keep back your rotten, blood-poison begotten;  
With a hand most ruthless it wipes out the useless.

Send not the pale of face, the nervous, worthless  
son —  
Leave him to seek a place, where there 's no risk  
to run.  
Keep your weak driv'ling slime off Alaska's  
dead-line,  
Or its last dying wail will be heard on the trail.  
This law is the demand of that Northern white  
land.

## AN OLD PIONEER

FAR away amidst the mountains  
Was a lonely ranch — a western home;  
Brooklets fell like snowy fountains,  
And the ranch-man said, "Love made me roam.  
How sweet to live where winds make moan  
And sing with sighing, through fir and pine,  
They seem to say: 'You 're not alone,  
We 've drunk together, of Nature's wine!'"

His Colt Frontier — shell forty-four —  
Hung there on the wall, above his head;  
To greet wild beasts, if nothing more,  
By Nature's lover, who knew no dread.  
He thought and said: "I 'll shoot fat deer,  
Though June be with us, and warm to chase;  
'T is thirty years since I settled here!"  
Then sunlight shone on his thoughtful face.

"Time and gray hairs say I grow old!"  
'Neath those shaggy brows, there dropped a  
tear;  
He thought of friends he 'd left for gold,  
When he bade farewell, to come out here.

Through tall pine trees, the winds made moan —  
Their first sad tune — to the mountaineer;  
They seemed to say, "You're not alone,  
We'll sigh and sing for the pioneer!"

Who knew his thoughts? Perhaps of love  
Or of vows broken — when young and gay;  
'T is said that death saddens a dove;  
One's future's shaped by a single day.  
While the wind blew from ocean's foam,  
And the dogs noticed the change severe;  
Pines repeated sad news from home —  
A mournful wail to the mountaineer.

Pleasures soon may lead to sorrow,  
And days of youth we may oft regret;  
Glad to-day, but sad to-morrow,  
'T would be better if we could forget.  
"To be or not be!" Hamlet said,  
Keeps from "shuffling off this mortal coil."  
Those thoughts chased through the hunter's head;  
"I'll take my last sleep 'neath mountain soil."

The sun shone out the next morn clear,  
The grouse sent forth his deep sounding drum;  
Squirrels chirped, said the quail, "I'm here!"  
And the sad winds moaned, "'T is done! 'T is  
done!"

A startled fawn, a distant shot —  
A lone fox barked sharp, with none to hear,  
For he was dead, and heard them not —  
Dead — the pioneer and mountaineer !

Others' live-stock now graze those hills,  
The deer fear not the absentee;  
Little he cares for debts and bills,  
Bruin sniffs not for his enemy.  
Through soft pine boughs the sad winds sigh  
That no friend was there to shed a tear;  
But Nature says to the passersby,  
“'T was home for a good old mountaineer !”



## TO MY OLD TRAIL HORSE

My good Black Diamond steed, of Oregon's old  
stock,

With look of "Printer" in your noble eye;  
You have the greyhound's speed, and from your  
neck to hock  
You show the sprinter that can nearly fly.

You have been swimming long in glacier water's  
cold,

And well have followed the dim valley  
trails;  
And you have struggled strong, where the white  
woollies rolled,  
That we might descend to the warmer vales.

By my camp's lonely light, you have been grazing  
near,

And you have galloped by the foothill  
ways;  
You've climbed the mountain height, and never  
showing fear,  
Have trailed its summit through long Summer  
days.

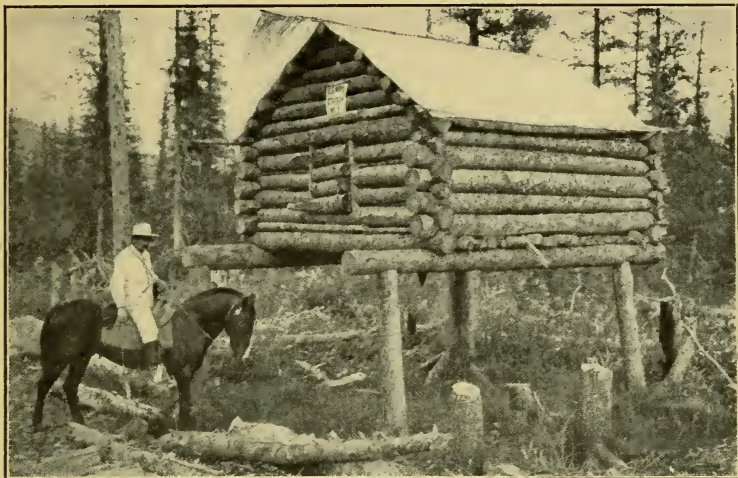
You bear a wounded brand, and it has sunken  
deep —

A scar of struggle on your silken breast  
From this wild cruel land, where Northern lan-  
terns leap;  
But you are worthy of the market's best.

I've seen a wonder place, that is not given chart,  
And crossed the tundras to the tranquil snow;  
I've seen a mongrel face express a sudden start  
As you went swimming where the rapids flow.

We now are trailing back, in front of Winter's  
mood,  
Past that cache cabin with the U. S. stamp;  
In this crude stilted shack is stored our only food;  
And here, till morning, is our U. S. camp.

There — a wild wolf-dog wailed! But he'll not  
worry you,  
Though he comes rushing 'gainst the stormy  
blow;  
You have so truly trailed, that we're a friendly  
two,  
When wolves go mushing with their howling  
woe.



UNITED STATES MAIL STATION



By early morning's ray, we 'll run for foggy coast  
To end our trailing; and there — feeling warm,  
You will be eating hay, while I shall order toast,  
And know you 're sheltered from cold, beating  
storm.

## A SOFTER PLACE

ENOUGH to know his name was Payne,  
And once he lived 'way down in Maine;  
He always stayed close to his home,  
And never was allowed to roam,  
Until the day he said, out bold:  
"I 'm goin' north for shinin' gold!"

He thought before he 'd start out west,  
He 'd see the girl he loved the best;  
So he dressed up, from head to toe —  
Just like a dudish, fashion beau —  
And called upon his one sweetheart  
To say farewell before they 'd part.

They sat beside the old fire-place  
On left and right, and face to face;  
And there they sat — he heaved a sigh  
And scratched his head, and wondered why  
He 'd come, that sunny day of May,  
To see a girl — and naught to say.

At last he said: "I came to say  
Good-bye, before I went away;

And also shake your little hand  
Before I left for northern land !”  
She answered — as it was not late  
She ’d go with him down to the gate.

While there, he touched her bare white arm,  
Then flinched as though he ’d done great harm;  
But that sweet girl just laughed out-right,  
And asked what made him look so white?  
“Oh,” stammered he, with eyes aloft,  
“Your pretty arm is very soft !”

Said she: “Young man, give me your hand,  
You ’re going to Alaska land —  
Give me your hand, and to your face  
I ’ll prove to you a softer place !”  
She took his hand, just as she said,  
And gently laid it on his head.

## THE CALIFORNIA HILLS

WHEN I roam in foreign lands, I recall the beach  
and sands,  
And the California hills, so far away;  
Where beneath the trees I 'd rest, while the sun set  
in the west  
And the little birds sang out the close of  
day.  
How my heart longs for the West, where the girl  
I loved the best  
Was as true as the clear azure sky above.  
When I 'm sad, how I repine for those distant hills  
of mine,  
And the many scenes among them that I love.

There the Mission bells ring chime, and all Nature  
sings to rhyme,  
On those poppy-covered hillsides of the West;  
There the sunshine and the wine, in the good old  
Summer-time,  
Mark the hills of California as the best.  
When my race is almost run, at the setting of life's  
sun,  
Take me back to rest in those dear hills of mine;



Where I 'll listen to the breeze, as it sings amongst  
the trees,  
Through the branches of the redwood and the  
pine.

Those brown California hills, with their brooks  
and shady rills,  
They are pleading as of old their call to me,  
For their love-song always thrills, when it warbles  
through those hills,  
Like an echo wafting from the sunset sea.  
Those hills by the sea of blue, tell of life that 's  
free and true,  
In the spirit of the wide and golden West;  
And where only birds and bees sing above me in  
the trees,  
It is there I hope to take my final rest.

## INCOMPATIBILITY

Our love was deep and lasted long —  
To laugh or weep — 't was ever strong  
Because 't was pure, to last through life,  
And to endure, for man and wife.  
I loved you then, and love you yet,  
Though one sad thought we'll not forget,  
Our saddest words of tongue or hand  
Are these: We could not understand.

## DOWN BY THE OLD SPRING

THERE was a maiden fair, with waving sun-  
browned hair,

And I met her all alone, by the spring;

'T was there I broke a rule, our teacher had in  
school,

I kissed her, and she said: "You horrid thing!  
I'll tell my parents both, and listen — on my  
oath —

I'll tell the teacher, too, what you have done,  
That you did break a rule — they'll turn you out  
of school!"

But it was worth it all, to get that one.

The days and weeks passed by, and no one ques-  
tioned why

I'd been so "horrid" and so very rude  
About that broken rule, and I still went to school;

Though never to it once did I allude —  
Until the school was out, and rules were not about;

I led her, by the hand, towards the spring,  
She turned then, right about, and told me with a  
pout:

"I'll not go near that spring, you horrid thing!"

Now years have passed since then, and I 've come  
back again,

Once more I 'm sitting by that same old spring;  
And wond'ring what became of that fair little  
dame —

What Father Time has brought her on his wing?  
If now we could turn back old Time upon his track  
And linger once again by this old spring,  
That same old rule I 'd break, another kiss I 'd  
take,

To hear her sweet voice say: "You horrid  
thing!"



JUL 2 1909



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 391 003 6